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RUNNING THE RHEA.

Relative of Ostrich Chased With Dog and Horse.

For the person who desires a unique form of sport "running the rhea" in southern Patagonia is recommended. The rhea is a member of the ostrich family, but somewhat smaller. It runs with the swiftness of a greyhound or a fast horse and has a knack of doubling on its track, which often serves it in eluding its pursuers. The natives in hunting it use horses, dogs and the bola. The dogs chase after the fleeing bird in full cry, while the hunters follow after at top speed, prepared to throw the bola if opportunity offers.

The bola, consisting of two or three heavy balls of lead or stone attached to a thong six or eight feet long, serves to hamper the movements of the bird, for the balls twine about the part which the bola strikes regardless of whether it be the legs, neck or wings. This permits the dogs and hunters to overhaul and dispatch the bird.

At the approach of danger the rhea will often crouch flat upon the ground with neck outstretched under the grass, remaining motionless until the dogs have passed. This stratagem is often successful when the wind is blowing against the scent, but when the contrary is the case the dogs soon discover the hiding bird. In this case, doubtless bewildered by the sudden failure of its artless ruse, it makes no attempt at escape.

The chase of the rhea, which sometimes extends over a distance of five or six miles, is a thrilling one. It has for the rider all the excitement of a horse race, with the added satisfaction of knowing that the winning of the race will result in a welcome addition to the larder. The wings of the rhea have a flavor not unlike that of turkey, and if one is not averse to the taste of horseflesh the meat of the thigh is very satisfactory. The rhea is one of the main food supplies on a Patagonian hunting trip.—New York Tribune.



At the Zoo—Good gracious! How heavy my burrow is today.—You V. rant.

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It is issued every Thursday, subscription price \$1 per year, and it is one of the best home metropolitan weeklies of today. It has all the facilities of the great DAILY ENQUIRER for obtaining the world's events, and for that reason can give you all the leading news. It carries a great amount of valuable farm matter, crisp editorials and reliable up-to-date market reports. Its numerous departments make it a necessity to every home, farm or business man.

This grand offer is limited and we advise you to take advantage by subscribing for the above combination right now. Call or mail orders to The Courier, Jasper, Indiana.

INK! INK! INK!

Best Black Writing Ink. 1c. per ounce. School children who bring ordinary writing ink bottles can have them filled for one cent.

Why Elsie Was Sent to Bed.

While little Elsie's elder sister, May, was entertaining her latest acquisition, a most dignified and genteel young man, in the parlor Elsie was relegated to the dining room to play with her doll.

This particular one, the possessor of a kid body and a bisque head, had been somewhat ailing of late, owing to the fact that its head was gradually becoming detached and its pivotal eyes refused to perform their functions of opening and closing. After considerable probing for the cause of the trouble Elsie made the discovery that there was something inside of it and finally succeeded in extracting a large roll of tightly curled hair. A moment later she burst into the parlor in a great state of excitement and shouted:

"Pity sakes! No wonder Dorothy was sick! Look what was in her stummick! She must have swallowed Sister May's rat!" — Pittsburg Gazette.

Second Thoughts.

"It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I respect you highly, Mr. Hunter, but we are incompatible."

"Well, I suppose, it cannot be helped," the young man replied, pocketing his chagrin and looking about for his hat, "but it defeats all my cherished hopes. I had planned a house in which I fondly imagined we might be happy. It was to have had a pantry table as large as the ordinary size, with a roomy closet in which to stow away the new cooking utensils and things that a woman naturally buys when a peddler comes around."

"Stay, George," she said, faltering. "Perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me another day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that—"

She Stomped Gladstone.

The story is told that at Hawarden one morning little Dorothy Drew refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed Mr. Gladstone was called.

"Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked.

"Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, it disapproves of early rising; says it's a waste of time."

Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplused.

"You listen, then," went on Dorothy in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, turning up her Bible, she read the second verse of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."



Outlate (returning to his hotel at 3 a. m. and mistaking his room)—Good gracious, I must be in bed already! Here are my feet.—Polo Meta.

Forced to Surrender.

The young man had asked the father for his daughter and been refused.

"Then you will not give me Jane?" he hoarsely demanded.

"I didn't speak in Volapuk, did I?" sneered Jane's father.

The young man paused at the door.

"I am considered a good-looking fellow," he said. "Ladies turn and stare after me as I pass along the street. Your cook smiled at me to-night while I lingered at the side door. I returned the smile. Now I will follow up this favorable impression. I will make love to the cook. In a week we will elope!"

The old man turned pale.

"Don't talk like that!" he gasped. "You wouldn't be cruel enough to rob us of our cook! No, no! Not another word! Jane is yours!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reasons For Being Ignorant.

There was something in the atmosphere which told him that things were not exactly the same. Silence followed soon after the usual greetings, but at length she spoke. "Are you aware, sir," she began, "that one hand of the Bartholdi statue measures sixteen feet five inches?"

"So I have heard," he nodded, happy to be addressed again.

"The thickness of the lead from ear to ear," she pursued icily, "is ten feet."

"Yes."

"The nose is four feet six inches long."

"That's right."

"The mouth is three feet across."

"I believe so. Just imagine it!"

"The waist thirty-five feet around."

"Y-yes. Why?"

"Then will you kindly explain, sir," she continued, "why you state in the poem which you addressed to me that I reminded you of the Goddess of Liberty?" — Ladies' Home Journal.

Street Lighting.

The streets of New York were first lighted in 1697, the light being done by a lantern suspended from a pole stretched out from a window of every seventh house.

The lighting of streets with gas was first tried in 1817 in Baltimore. At Philadelphia a theater was first lighted on Nov. 25, 1816, the first place of amusement in America illuminated in that manner.

Gas was first used for lighting houses in Boston in 1827. It has been used thirty years in Cornwall, England.—Scraps Book.

At the Flood.

Hearing of a rising river at the headwaters of the Euphrates, with a falling barometer and indications of a flood in the valley, the Pithecanthropus changed his mind and frankly admitted it to Noah. His manner was that of a chastened and softened person.

"You monkeyed too long," said the patriarch. "We gave you a chance to come in with us, and you wouldn't take it. Now we have arranged for all the stock we care about trying to float."

The general liquidation which followed had the usual effect upon all but the insiders.—Puck.

A Lively Chill.

The old time dandy had a great admiration for high sounding words and phrases. He also had a deep respect for a man who has the boldness to use innovations of speech.

"I tell you, Masses Rawson has a powerful control of language," said one old plantation negro thoughtfully on his return from a neighborly call. "I spect to learn something every time I hear him talk. He was telling Major William 'bout his wife being taken sick after dat dog bite she had, an' 'sten ob saying in respects to her shakin' fit she had dat she 'look like she had de ager,' same as most feller would say, what figure is you s'posing he used?"

"I dunno," said the old man, wife sulking from the freezing boat. "He said she 'look like she had de ager.' Dat's the figure, I s'pose, 'wine forget it.' — Youth's Companion.

No. 1. Resting Place.

For years Rossini's body rested in Pere Lachaise, and then city of Florence asked that it might be transferred to the Church of the Holy Cross in that city, where the bodies of Galilei, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri and other great Italians are entombed. Consent was received from the municipality but the master's widow, Don Olympia, would consent to the translation only on condition that when her time came her body might be placed next to that of her husband. This request was bluntly denied, for the reason that only Italians "who had achieved greatness" could rest there. In 1878 the widow died and before her death consented in writing to the removal of her husband's body to Florence, provided her body be placed in the grave from which his would be taken in Pere Lachaise, and after a long time for consideration this was done.

He Accepted the Apology.

A prominent New York lawyer is noted for his ready answers and skill in repartee. When a young practitioner he appeared before a pompous old judge, who took offense at a remark the lawyer made criticizing his decision.

"If you do not instantly apologize for that remark, Mr. Blank," said the judge, "I shall commit you for contempt of court."

"Upon reflection, your honor," instantly replied Mr. Blank, "I find that your honor was right and I was wrong, as your honor always is."

The judge looked dubious, but finally said that he would accept the apology.

The Nutmeg Tree.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing wild in Asia, Africa and America. The cultivated nutmeg tree is from fifty to seventy-five feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resembles candied citron. Within is the nut, enveloped in the curious yellowish red aril known to us as mace. Up to 1796 the Dutch, being in possession of the islands producing the only valuable variety of the nutmeg, jealously tried to prevent the carrying of the tree or a living seed of it into any territory independent of Dutch rule.

His Latin Helped.

There was a famous British officer, Lieutenant General Sir George Murray, who served in the expedition to Egypt. When before Alexandria, the troops having suffered severely from want of water, his literary acquisitions were of the greatest service, instructing him that Caesar's army had been in the same predicament. Referring to his "Caesar" (which he always carried in his portable library), he found his recollection right—that water had been obtained by the Romans from wells dug at a certain spot in the sands. A trial was immediately made, and the result was a copious supply. The British troops braced up and conquered Egypt.—New York Press.

The Power of Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is one magnet of power. You must fire every event with it, touch thoughts and acts with it. It will transmute dross into gold, drudgery into delight. What matters if the soul which lives beside you is cold and selfish? Set him a good example! Joy is sunshine, and he will feel it. Every irksome task is a chance for power, for the qualities which they bring out are God's gifts which fit us to enjoy better things. Easy things will come if you have spent your heart's blood on gaining strength, for the very goal of power is the ease which comes from strength. We laugh at things and people who used to cow or annoy us. We do gracefully and swiftly the tasks once so hard. One by one we have unraveled our chains. We are free! — Nautilus.



"Sell ye a nice air cushion cheap."—Gronwing's Magazine.



The Duck—Your ma is looking every where for you. She Chick—Tall her I'm out.

AN ENGLISH BLIZZARD.

It Took a Regiment of Soldiers to Clear the Roads in 1836.

There was a certain Hercules engine which cut a noble figure in the English blizzard of 1836.

To appreciate the role played by the Hercules some idea must be given of the effect of the storm on other methods of travel. Fourteen mail coaches were abandoned on as many roads. Another was dug out of drifts five times between Exeter and London.

Another was buried so deep that it took 300 men, principally sappers and miners, several hours to make a passage to the coach and rescue the mails and passengers, while near Chatham the snow lay to a depth of thirty or forty feet, the military being turned out to the number of 600 to clear the way.

In London the drifts were ten feet deep, and hundreds of men and carts were employed hauling snow out to the fields in the suburbs. The markets were in a bad way. One day only four "old" holders were able to reach a main market. Greens which a few days before the storm were being sold for threepence a bunch at market now fetched from twopenny to a shilling, turnips, carrots and celery becoming equally dear, while penny handfuls of parsley realized 2s. 6d., and the happy possessor of a bunch which he had previously purchased for ninepence realized for his prize no less a sum than £1 2s. 3d.

Amid all this confusion the pioneer railways covered themselves with glory by running trains almost without interruption. There was a deep cutting on one line where the snow had drifted badly, and great numbers of people turned out to see how the Hercules engine would get along. They imagined, of course, that she would be stopped, but to their astonishment the engine dashed right into the drift, "clearing her way through apparently without the slightest difficulty, the snow at the same time flying over the top of the engine chimney like foam from the broken waves of a violent sea, and notwithstanding obstructions the train came down from Greenhead (twenty miles) in one hour and a quarter." — London Queen.

The Color of Flames.

Many people have noticed with much interest the many tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues of flame" from wood burning in a fire. These varied hues are the result of combustion from the different elements of the fuel. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from the carbon. The violet is from the manganese, the red from the magnesia and the yellow from the soda, which are constituent parts of the wood.

Cause For Suspicion.



"Oh, no; I can never trust my husband again. I feel convinced he is marrying on with the cook." "What makes you think that?" "Last night he kissed me in the lark."—Ladies' Blatter.

When Ohio Failed.

In the midst of C. B. Galbreath's lecture on "Lafayette" the other night at the Young Men's Christian association he spent quite a little time on the incident of the princely sum of \$140,000 which he brought with him to this country and gave to congress.

"When Lafayette returned to the United States about forty-two years later congress voted him \$200,000 in return for the \$140,000 which he gave to us in that time of great need. When the vote was taken every state in the Union voted for it with—let us mention it softly—the exception of Ohio." — Columbus Dispatch.